The Children of Chinatown

An Account of a Queer Part of New York at School.

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According to an unofficial census the morning hours, the other only in the afterchildren of Chinatown Lumber about 100. This census was taken in shops, at the schools and with the help of the stray Chinese guides who are always ready to give information and lead strangers to the different points of interest in that peculiar part of downtown Manhattan.

These 100 children include not only the pure-blooded Chinese, but also those of mixed parentage-Irish and Chinese, Italian and Chinese or American and Chinese It is interesting to study the combinations race. The American and Irish traits in nearly every instance predominate over the Chinese, while with the children of Italian and Chinese parents the similarity of complexion and coloring of hair and eyes make it difficult to distinguish them from the pure-blooded Chinese.

It is not an easy matter to find the children of Chinatown. The time and place must be chosen well. They do not run wild in the streets like the children in other tene ment districts. Especially is this true of the children of pure Carese blood, who are, as a general thing carefully housed.

, se children of Chinatown are not early risers They are unlike the American child in this as in many other respects The saying "Early to bed and early to rise" is without meaning to them.

The Chinese work late and play late, rarely

retiring before 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning and sleeping well into the day. The children are not excluded from the work or the play, and consequently one seeks in vain for them in the morning hours. They are still in the arms of the Chinese Morpheus.

Perhaps the best place of all to study

To the first, one comes by means of a dark stairway rising from a long narrow hall guilt'ess of everything except dirt and desoation-the type of hali so familiar to the tenement visitor. This stairway leads to an upper room, small and heated to a temperature which casts discredit on the assertions regarding the tightness of the coal market.

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Here about a dozen children may be found, sometimes fourteen, sixteen or even twenty; the number depends merely on the waning or growing of the thirst for knowiedge, which, even in Chinatown, it seems. is a changeable quality. This kindergarten draws its attendance principaly from the mixed races and, in consequence, the morning session is possible.

The room is furnished with only the necessary tables, chairs and blackboards. Queer little figures rise to greet the visitor, moved ess by courtesy than curiosity, for in that respect, as in many others, one can trace no dissimilarity from their Angio-Saxon contemporaries

The teacher explains them by name, with a little bit of biography tacked on here and there. You are introduced to Wing Quong. Bessie Wing, Kay Guey, Ka Son and the 'also rans.'

Wing Quong engages special interest Wing is to be sent to China at the request of relatives, to remain until he is 15. He is now about 7 and looks serious enough at the prospect of the coming separation from his relatives and school chums.

The first question the American woman visitor is sure to ask relates, of course, to

slavery, to a limited extent, exists, there apparently, on charitable impulses rather ems little doubt.

But if one has a keen sense of humor, as But the head covering shows a diversity well as of pathos, one should visit the afterof opinion. The popular covering is the naval cap with a wide visor and lots of gilt noon school. Here the Chinese children come in costume and there are many interoraid twisted about it. The boy wears this n school and out. He cannot be detached from his one adornment. Sometimes a nature boy wears a black skull cap fitted tight over This schoolroom opens directly from Mote

esting sights for the student of human



"I AIN'T GOT NO BEST CLOTHES."

his head, under which the cue may be twisted if he be a pure Chinese; if he is not, of course, the cue is eliminated from his makeup.

There are mysteries in Chinatown-many of them. The floor above the kindergarten holds one, so it is said. What is it? Only a slave-girl, and at the word "slave" the informant's voice drops to a melodramatic whisper.

If it were only possible to see her. But apparently the slave-girl is kept out of sight of the chance visitor. She is only 11. is owned by the family with whom she lives. and has to do all sorts of menial work, toiling into the early morning hours.

It is impossible to obtain specific informa



IN THE DARK HALLWAY.

as the children. The American dress prevails. There are funny little trousers tion in regard to this so-called slave traffic which have a homemade look and awaker. In fact, there is a great deal of dumbness doubts in the minds of the lookers-on as to in Chinatown in regard to personal matters the direction the wearer will take. The Those who know won't tell, and those who jackets are of any shape or style, dependent, are willing to tell don't know. But that

street and is on the ground floor. It is decorated with garlands of evergreen and colored papers and is very bright and cheery. When the teacher is not there on time, a



THE MISTERICOS SLAVE GIRL

sometimes happens, Annie makes a very good cicerons. Annie is the oldest pupil and is a fairly tall, pleasant-looking girl of 10. She con-

fides that her parentage is mixed and that in deference to her father. The children of mixed parentage have usually two names. the first name given by the mother. From Annie one learns many interesting

acts, later corroborated by personal obervation. She is bright, cheerful and happy except when she talks of the Chinese New Year and tells of the beautiful costumes worn by the children who at this ime are gowned in their native robes. One she particularizes for its color scheme has made a vivid impression. It is to be of magenta and green, with red shoes and

When asked as to her own costume she wavers in her cheerfulness for a minute and says, "I ain't got no best clothes!" Think of the pathos of a Chinese New Year without new clothes!

Annie points with pride to the work of the children as exhibited on the walls.

There are some cardboard designs done in colored silk. While she is showing them Louie, he of the big mouth and bulging ears, comes to her aid. He calls attention particularly to a design which represents a balance with a square marked "Soul" on one side of the scales and on the other a equare marked "World." This has made a deep impression on Louie. He hasn't quite made out what it means.

But there are others. Annie inclines to a silk outlined book with "Bible" written veross it, on the top of which rests a lighted lamp of the Oriental type. This, Annie says, is a teapot, by which description she for the first time suggests her Chinese lineage.

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The afternoon session opens with prayer in Chinese and some hymns are sung, sometimes in Chinese, sometimes in English. The prayer and the occasional hymn are the only Chinese spöken in the school It is a source of great grief to the Chinese inhabitants that there is no place where the children can be taught their own language, but no such school exists in Chinacown.

It is during the catechism that attention is directed toward Guy. Guy has all the hall marks of Li Hung Chang. Et is very small for his age, as most of the children and wears immense goggles whose are, and wears immense goggles



HALF AND HALF.

rims are black and heavy and whose glasses rims are black and heavy and whose glasses are about twice the usual size. He sports a naval cap with a great deal of gold braid, which is a little large for his head and rests placidly on his outstratched ears. A big knapsack of shiny leather is hung over his shoulder and almost obscures the greater part of his body from observation.

tion.

He is there for learning. It is written all over his upturned face so that she who runs may read. He is not to be deflected from the main issue by any errant curiosity. He answers without a moment is hesitation such soul searching questions as "Who is

He answers without a moment's hesitation such soul searching questions as "Who is God?" "Why do you love Jesus?" to his own satisfaction at least.

Charlie, on the contrary, is musically inclined. He is of the pure Chinese type, although he has made concessions to the land of his adoption and sports gray cordurovs, a shirt waist, and a black skull cap pulled down tight over his head. He has the soft olive tinted complexion and the large luminous eyes of his class, but his mouth—perhaps it is his love of vocal gymnastics—who can sav?—but when Charlie essays to sing for a time the upper part of his head is a floating island.

While the teacher plays on the plano, Charlie, as if fearful of the strength of his emotions, clines desperately to the edge of

ematice, as discarding of the strength of his emotions, clings desperately to the edge of the instrument with first one hand, then the other, then with both. He then swings one leg back and forth as high as his head and higher one leg back and form as high as his head and higher, strenuously, continuously, while a torrent of sound issues from his cavernous mouth which drowns everything in the room while it lasts, and it lasts until

It is no jest with him. He is absolutely unconscious of his surroundings. The hwnn selected is of the innocuous Wesley class, but with Charlie clinging to the piano it becomes dramatic as a Niebelungen tracedy.

Finally, perspiring and limp, he sinks Finally, perspiring and limp, he sinks into a nearby chair and the rest of the children resume the sincing lesson.

Discipline has its moments of relaxation marked by the sudden falling to the floor of half a dozen children who begin an excited game of fantan until aroused and restored to sitting postures.

The belle of the school is little On Gook, who comes strolling placidly in, with that

indifference of gesture and movement which separates the children of Chinatown from their American associates. One carnot imagine On Gook ever hurrying. Surely she will glide through life with the same Oriental grace, placid, serene, a mere looker on rather than an active participant in the strenuous life which throbs about the few streets of Chinatown.

On Gook is a dainty little lady. She has on her native dress for which one mentally thanks the good taste or laziness of her mother. Her trousers, ankle length, have a broad band of heliotrope to the



sing them a song, and they will repeat both parrot-like and memorize what would be impossible to an American child of the same



INTERMISSION FOR PAN TAN.

thinking faculties are not developed. There on took, a little flower of Chinatown.

knee. Her blouse is dark green, braided with black; her hair is cut into a finge and falls almost to her eyebrows in front and is cropped to a fringe in the back, the middle portion of the hair allowed to grow thinking faculties are not developed. There the American child has the advantage.

The Chinese home consists usually of three rooms, the front room in which is the idol, the general living room and the bedroom. The Chinese women are, generally speaking, good housekeepers, and neathers and order prevril.

The children are so obed ent that they seem hardly human to the American



human.

They have wonderful memories, they are great imitators. Tell them a story,

observer used to different manners, but the Confucian discipline still prevails and the pert, procedus, disobedient child is unknown in Chinatown. Just what form of discipline has brought about this result, who can say? One Chinese child admitted that he was whipped when he was bad, but the American teachers say that they never see the children punished. But whatever the method, it is efficacious and is earnestly recommended to mothers of different creeds and up-bringing.

1.000 REINDEER FOR ALASKA.

WAS A MINSTREL 62 YEARS AGO DAVE REED TELLS OF HIS LONG CAREER ON THE STAGE.

them is in the schools, for they are elusive

little creatures and one must get them

where there is little hope of escape. There

are two kindergartens in Chinatown, both

on Mott street, within a few doors of each

other. One holds its sessions in the late

Began Dancing When He Was 10-Once a Noted Bones-Introduced the Sons

and Dance-Made "Shoo Fly" Famous-The Decline of Minstrelsy The oldest living minstrel who is still

before the public is Dave Reed. He is now in his seventy-third year and has been on the stage almost constantly since he was 10. Despite his long career he is still vigorous. He delights in telling of his

vigorous. He delights in telling of his early experiences.

"It makes me think that I am getting very old, judying from the changes that have been made in the profession since I first started out," said Mr. Reed to a Sun reporter. "Although so-called ministrelsy still has a say on the stage, it will never be the same to me. In fact, since Dan Bryant died it has been on the decline.

"I got my first encouragement from my brother John, who kept an oyster and chop house and café on Broadway, next door to Thorpe's Museum, which was between Grand and Howard streets. This was where all the stage drivers stopped to water their horses. John was a clever dancer, and he

horses. John was a clever dincer, and he would make me go through a number of beens in the morning. I became p oficient, and in a little while I was able to dance as

well as he.

Not far from our home was a dock where all the boats carrying fruit tied up. The boys used to long for some of the fruit. One day one of my pals approached the man in charge of an apple boat and said:

THE CHINESE PRAYER

the Chinese feet, for in the feminine mind

the bound foot is as closely associated

with Chinese customs as the opium pipe

is in the masculine. She is assured that

the custom has gone out with the fashions

The costumes in this school are as hybrid

of yesterday.

consequently lose their intonation and sound. I then conceived the idea of using wooden clappers. They were a success and other minstrels after that took them up.

"My next engagement was at the Pelmore Opera House, at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway. The theatre was run by two newspaper men named George Woolridge and John Austin, who owned and edited two dailies celled the Whip and Flosh. Messrs. Woolridge and Alstin gave a minstrel show composed it six people. I played the triangle and sang and danced. I got \$6 a week and thought I was doing very well.

"After a brief stay there I joined a troupe managed by Matthew T. Brennan, who afterward became captain of police, Jidge and comptroller of New York. Brennan leased Monroe Hall, at the corner of Pearl and Centre streets. I stayed there for three years. It was here that I introduced the double bone act. That is to say I used a pair of bones in each hand. Then I juggled them, first throwing them from our hand to the other, then under my feet and into the air. I was also the first to give insite tions of horses running, drum beatings, & Doing this gave me the reputation of being the best bone player in the country.

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"I became a member of Bryant's Mestwels later and it was during my connection with the company that I introduced the nest song and dance act which is now a part of vaudeville. It was in an accidental way that I come to do this.

"Dan Bryan, who left the show to go to England to winess the Heenan and Sayers fight, returned with a copy of the song 'Sally Come Up, Sally Come Down,' He had heard an English music hall singer named McInnee reader it and thought that it would be a good number for his show.

show.

"After using it as an end song for a few nights he cut it out because it did not go. I got held of the duty and learned it.

"Formerly minis rels used to dress up in grotesque fashion. They were big shoes, dilapidated trous and blackered that there care it is a big rair of red line. One day one of my pals approached the man in charge of an appie boat and said:

"Mister, if you give us each an apple my friend, Dave Reed, will dance for you."

"All right,' said the man, and I danced mill my feet were sore.

"The fellow was so pleased with the whibition that he gave us each a red, juicy apple, and the following day he got me an engagement at Thorpe's. I organized a sort of minstrel show, in which there were three other lads about my own age. Only one of them is alive to-day. He is John Kennedy, familiarly known as 'Pop,' and is employed at Tony Pastor's Theatre as door and ticket tender. We each received \$1 a week. I sang and danced and got along fairly well.

"After my engagement at Thorpe's I was making excellent progress and in 1841, when I was 14. I was considered a pretty good performer.

"Most of the bone players then used the ribs of beef for their instruments. But after several weeks of service the bones would wear off simost to the marrow and would not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they did not use the acag in the way but they

we did. It was not long before we had them all coming to hear us sing 'Shoo Fly. Den't Bother Me,' and we sang it for 400 nights throughout the country. That's a lenger time than any song can live now-adays, I'm sure.

'After Bryant's death the old fashioned ministrel show began to declire. Dan's death put a damper on the emeriainment and the people s aved away. They were lenesome for their old favorite, it seemed.

"About this time my family began to grow and in company with my wife, daughter and son I went into vaudeville, where I have been ever since. Al Sheldon wrote a sketch for me and dubbed us the 'Reed Birds,' a name which has stuck to us ever since. I have often thought of the old days and wished that the boys were back in the fold once more. But they are gone and mirstreley, real old, good ministreley, the kind which our fathers and mothers used to like, I'm serry to say, is dead."

NO MORE ART FOR YOUR UNCLE. Unprofitable to Lend Money on Paintings, a Pawnbroker Finds.

A pawnbroker near Herald Square, whose customers are largely people supposed to have money, announced last week that he would not lead money hereafter on paintings or works of art.

"I've got \$70,000 out on pledges of that class," he said to THE SUN reporter "and I'm done with that line of business. "I found the other day that \$12,000 worth of the stuff had been forfeited by failure to pay interest within the time fixed by law and I can't dispose of it.

"A diamond or a vatch or a bit of valuable jewelry is negotiable at any time. I can't afford to carry my money in damagaable property like paintings. I suppose five years from now I'll sthi have most of this

years from now I'll sthi have most of this stuff on my hands.

"Some of the paintings which are now mine to sell were put in by good customers of mine who have borrowed money on other objects which they will redeem. Some of the forfeited articles I cannot advertise for what they are without revealing their former ownership."

Another pawt.broker whose place is in Park row has his bachelor rooms fitted up with paintings and bric-à-brac on which he advanced money and which were not redeemed. He can afford to use them for the adornment of his own quarters, but he feels, too, that his experience in lending

for the adorument of his own quarters, but he feels, too, that his experience in lending on such articles has been unprofitable and he has put an end to it.

It used to require some expert knowledge to hisure himself against fraud on such articles and so few were redeemed by the owners that he concluded it was better to stick to jewelry and clothing.

SCOTTI'S

STORY THE BARITONE TELLS hunter. WITH PRIDE.

He Abandoned Pink Teas for More Visoron Sport and at the First Attempt Brought Down a Strange American Hird-A Family Mourning a Pet Peacock's Death When Signor Scotti returned to Italy

last spring, after an exhausting drawingroom season here, he decided to retire rom society when he came to New York once again. He reckoned that between November and April he had drunk 2,347 rups of tea, been in 937 drawing rooms and u ed up more than 3.74f visiting cards II was certain that his heart, could not survive another season of the kind, and he called his valet to witness his oath to keep away from teas, pink or any other shade. for at least two seasons.

Signer Scottl also decided to take up some diversion in New York that would restore his nerves, shattered by too much tea, and at the same time appeal to a gentle man of his refined taste. He thought of riding, but that seemed a perilous diversion for one who was compelled to preserve the graceful outlines of his slim legs. So riding

was barred. Then shooting suddenly suggested itself a possible sport. It was not nearly so cangerous as riding. One was always on terra firma. Then, too, it was necessary to wear becoming togs. Signor Scotti thought of the leather leggings, the Norfolk jacket and the green felt hat with the eather in the side and decided to adopt shooting as his sport.

H would shoot, he decided; but where should be go to shoot and what should be his game when he got there? He puzzled over these questions and returned here last autumn with a new outfit of shooting togs and a dogged determination to use them at the first opportunity

This came soon. A friend invited him to the country for two days. Although ot hing was said about shooting, the jack t the leggings and the green hat with the feather in the eide were taken along. Signor Scotti came down to breakfast Signor Scotti came down to breakfast day at a luncheon. It was one of those the morning after his arrival attired in functions at which society and the stage

HUNTING. his shooting rig. Seeing these preparations on the part of his guest the man of the house thought that something must be done to entertain such a devo d In one of the fields back of his house

> tradition based on no more substantial ground than the rumor that they had been eard calling there. With the suggestion that they look there for the game, the host ook his g sest to the field. Signor scotti clutched his gun nervously Whether it was a bird or an animal they were to kill he did not know definitely. So

> when a venerable reacock, blind in one eye hat had been for years a pet in the family uddenly appeared from behind a bush, he plazed away at the poor tird which was just about to come up to him affectionately for lump of sugar. With a futile flap of it. aged wings, it fell dead at his feet. He was delighted. At his first shot b

had killed his bird. Even the expression of distress on his friend's face could not lampen his ardor. It was decided to keep from him knowl-

dge of the tender relations that had exted between the bird and the family. Th weening c ildren were sent to the nurser; and the hospitality of the family was so omplete that the victor was allowed to take ome the carcase of the faithful pet to have t stuffed. Now it adorns his drawing room at the Hotel Majestic. The more he thought of it, the prouder rew Signor Scotti of his prowess as a unter. He told all his colleagues at the

cetropolitan of the wonderful luck he had a killing on his first day of hunting a wild american Lird with green and blue reather He told the story at rehear als and during performances at the opera. He told it to eners and ha y ones, so rance and con-raltos. He too, it to individuals and to groups. He told it to principals and choru-The only refuge of his triends was i, avoiding the mention of any topic that would possibly suggest shooting. They became so guarded in their conversation set the hunter might suddenly find some incentive to tell the story that they confined themselves to "yes" and "no" when Signor Scotti was according Scotti was around.

But he found opportunities. He contrived to tell the story in spite of their

conspiracy. In one way or another he got it in on every ocasion. He was determined to tell it the other

meet. But the number of singers pre-dominated and they were determined that the shooting story should not be told. In vain did Signor Scotti wait for an open-

ing. The conspirators were too wilv for him. They blocked him at every point.

Suddenly there was the roar accompanying the setting off of a blast in the tunnel.

Quick as a flash, the voice of Signor Scotti cried: there was a flock of quail, according to a "Was not that a shot?"

> never prevent the story, but they fried.
>
> "No," they shouted, with phenomenal unanimity for opera sincers, "not at all. We heard nothing. It was not a shot."
>
> "I thought I heard a shot," he went on. "Curious that I should have been mistaken. But now that we are sposking of shooting. I want to tell you a story of my first—
>
> It was too late now. They had been been in the struggle. So his comrades resigned, settled themselves to hear once resigned, settled themselves to hear once more the story of the way in which Signor Scotti k'lled the poor old family peacock

hat wished harm to nobody.

The Government Awards the Contract to the Northwestern Commercial Co. TACOMA, Wash., Feb. 5 .- At Washington

en days ago the Government awarded the Northwestern Commercial Company a contract for supplying and transporting another thousand reindeer from the Siberian coast to Alaska. The company is closely His colleagues looked at one another in despair. It seemed now as if they would never prevent the story, but they tried. allied with the Northwestern Siberian Company, which owns trading and mining concessions on the Siberian coast and has already purchased hundreds of reindeer from natives in exchange for merlandise. The balance of the reindeer will be rounded up from Siberian wilds during the spring and summer.

There are now in Alaska about ten thousand reindeer, last year's increase amounting to 1,500. The Government's object is to aid the natives by supplying them with meat and facilities for transportation.

